





## EX-PRESIDENT TYLER AND MR. CLAY.

Among the addresses delivered by distinguished gentlemen on the occasion of the inauguration of the CLAY Statue at Richmond, on the 12th inst., was one by Ex-President TYLER, who was present by invitation. We are glad that the moderate length of this speech enables us to give it a place in our columns, as we do to-day, as beside the graces of eloquence, native to the distinguished speaker, which adorn the speech, and the glowing and just tribute which it pays to the departed statesman, the speech does honor to Mr. TYLER for a generousness of spirit, which all readers will appreciate who are familiar with the relations which conflicting views of public duty produced between Mr. CLAY and Mr. TYLER during the Presidency of the latter.

**REMARKS OF EX-PRESIDENT TYLER.**  
Mr. President and Gentlemen: I frankly confess that I did not anticipate the call you have made upon me. I came prepared, if opportunity was given, to say a few words of the distinguished man, whose memory you have, so far as marble could do it, immortalized. But, in speaking of him, I shall of necessity speak of the Union. I came up to witness the proceedings of to-day. It is a great spectacle, that of inaugurating the statue of one who has passed away from earth. It is the eternizing his name, as far as marble can accomplish it. It is the rescuing from the tomb those features which were unmovable in their day and generation.

To do this on yonder grounds, and in the shadow of the Capitol, which is hallowed by great events and great names, and this too in advance of similar tributes to the heroes and statesmen of other days who drew their sustenance from Virginia's maternal breast, and made their names illustrious, is no ordinary event. And yet it is right; it is right to reclaim the resemblance, while it may be done, of one of Virginia's sons, who in early life left the old homestead for a new one in the West, under the nursing care of her oldest daughter. It may now be said, after the manner of the inscription on the tomb of the Mantuan avian: "Virginia gave him birth, Kentucky gave him a grave, the United States furnished him a theatre for his labors." I trust that the day is not distant when those public grounds will exhibit to an admiring people the resurrected features of a grand host of departed patriots, each after its own way, to be a silent but forcible monitor of that immortality of fame which succeeds a life of high and honorable action.

It is known to all present, and therefore had as well be spoken, that there was a period in my own political life when the man whose memory you are this day honoring stood in formidable antagonism to me. His blows fell heavily and thickly upon me, and doubtless some of the bruises and scars which they inflicted remain to the present day. He struck with a gauntleted hand, and that hand was heavy. He required an impossibility, but let that pass. After I too shall have bade the world good night, history, if it seems them worthy of her record, will gather up the incidents of those times and represent them truly. Be it so other times. I recall the image of Henry Clay upon my entering Congress. His country voice had resounded through the chamber long before that. He had efficient sustenance in the administration of Mr. Jefferson, and had marshalled the Republic in what has been not inaptly called the second war of independence. He had won the prestige of an immense popularity. In 1816 I entered Congress as the Representative of this metropolitan district. Then I became personally acquainted with Mr. Clay. He was the Speaker of the House, and embodied in his person all the essentials for that high office. Bold, resolute, fearless—of commanding personal attributes, with a voice that might be modulated to any note—he preserved perfect order in that body, often under trials and circumstances which threatened to break forth in tumult. The great triumvirate was there. Clay and Calhoun had won laurels in debate. Webster was gradually raising his head above the crowd. There he sat for the most part silent, wrapped in his own deep meditations. He culminated into full renown some few years after, and having witnessed the spread of his name over the world he went to his grave, grand, noble, magnificent in his patriotism, amid the profound regrets of the country. Little did I then dream that a personal regard was to spring up between the first of these great men and myself, to continue uninterrupted, in despite of radical differences of opinion on essential questions of public policy, and still less that, as a greatly subsequent period, the other two were to spring to my side as my trusted friends and counsellors in the arduous and difficult administration of public affairs. There they are, the marked men of an age! Indulge me, in a single expression of pride and gratification; it is that a more enduring monument than brass or marble can give has been built up to them by the Legislature of Virginia on the map of the State. There they are, the household words of the people of the State in their legislative halls, and in their daily avocations. Looking at that map I find myself surrounded by many illustrious names of my Cabinet. Some were there of old, some my own, reflective of honor done my revered father, is there, and there too are found the names of Upshur and Gilmer.

The time to which I allude were times of great men. Congress was indeed the fit emblem of our free institutions. Perfect order prevailed in its deliberations. With such a speaker, it could not be otherwise. He acted fully up to the duties of this high office. Thoroughly acquainted with the principles of parliamentary law, he permitted no violation to pass without reproof. It was in fact, the most orderly body I ever saw. When Mr. Clay mingled in the debates, it was with a power and force of eloquence which was rarely surpassed. His gesture was impressive, and he had the faculty of throwing the power of his voice into a single sentence, after such manner as to produce sometimes an electric effect. The late Philip P. Barbour, who was regarded by the House as the embodiment of logic, has often quoted to me, in illustration of this belief:

"Of this power of voice, an expression used by Mr. Clay in discussing the recognition of the Spanish-American Colonies. The Speaker had drawn a scolding picture of the condition of Mexico in her struggle for independence—her hopes reported to be blasted; Mirra, her great leader, either killed or captured; all gloom—all despair. At that moment a page put in his hand a morning paper. His eye fell on a paragraph, when his whole manner became changed, and, holding the paper aloft, he exclaimed, 'MIRRA STILL LIVES.' The effect was wonderful. Mr. Barbour said, I sprang to my feet, and several minutes elapsed before I recovered from my trance. If I indulged in the garrulity of age, I might relate similar reminiscences without number. But it is not for this that I came here to-day. The details of Mr. Clay's life have been eloquently given by the accomplished orator of the day. It is not because I admired him as a man, as a leader in debate, as an orator of immense power, that I am here to-day. No; it is because in my heart I believe that he has left to me a monument for an act of broad and unselfish patriotism, in the course of his public career, which, standing by itself, I have not hesitated at all times and in all places, when it was suitable, to say entitled him not only to a monument of brass or marble, but to one in the hearts of his countrymen. The brow of the Roman citizen who had saved the life of another in battle was encircled by an oakened wreath. What badge of distinction is prouder enough for him who saves his country from civil war?

Ask the parent who enfolds his little children, and the companion of his hopes and trials and triumphs in life, in his arms, at the horrible spectre of civil broil which threatens with grim aspect to enter his theretofore peaceful dwelling; ask the lone and widowed mother, as she flies to the rocks and desert, with her infant strained to her breast and concealed from view by the tresses of her streaming hair; ask brave and stalwart men, as they take their position in opposing ranks to shed each other's blood; ask one, ask all, what monument he deserves who drives away this horrible spectre of civil war and restores his country to peace and confidence? Nay, more, ask the lovers of freedom all over the world, what is the measure of gratitude for the man who saves that glorious banner, without a star shorn of its dazzling lustre, the shield, if so preserve it, of ultimate freedom to mankind, from being torn and destroyed in the bloody arena of strife and battle? It was because that in my innermost heart I believe Henry Clay did this that I am here to-day.

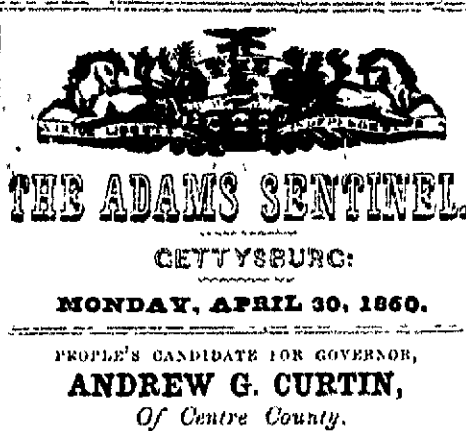
Most of those who are here present remember the marked era of General Jackson's Proclamation, and what was called the Force bill. The tariff question was the absorbing one of the day. The South had unitedly declared it oppressive and in violation of the spirit of the Constitution. After long years of protest South Carolina declared it to be her purpose to nullify the act. She had resorted to no act of nullification. She had threatened to do so. She sought thereby peaceably to adjust the question. The Proclamation came with all its consolidating doctrines, which, carried into practice, threatened a revolution, annihilating in its course our federative system, and setting up in its stead a consolidated government, looking no longer to States as parties, to the social system, but to popular majorities, unrestrained by any thing but a blind will. To enforce those doctrines the Force bill was passed, investing the President with dictatorial power. Army, navy, militia, treasury, all placed at his sole will and disposal. South Carolinians saw the storm cloud gathered under an efficient drill, and her Palmetto flag was ready to be unfurled; and thousands were upon tip-toe to watch the coming storm and take part in it. Under this state of things I waited on Mr. Clay. I had voted against him in the election just passed. I had differed radically with him in his course of domestic policy. I belonged, in short, to the old Jacksonian party, from whose principles of constitutional construction I have never in a single instance departed. He well knew my personal admiration of him, and he received me cordially. We conversed about the times. He saw the danger. I appealed to his patriotism. No man ever did so in vain. The difficulties in the way were immense. He replied, 'I am a patriot. I referred him to another as the only person necessary to consult, and that man was John C. Calhoun.' He had to reconcile his own party; he had to satisfy an opposite party by large concessions. They met, consulted, agreed. The compromise tariff bill was the result. And now that years have gone by—now that my head is covered with gray hairs, and old age is upon me, I recall the enthusiasm I felt when Mr. Clay rose in the Senate to announce the great measure of peace and reconciliation. I occupied an extreme seat on the left, he a similar seat on the right of the Senate chamber. We advanced to meet each other, and grasped each other's hands midway the chamber. It is that grasp of hands which has brought me here to-day.

It is that noble act which immortalized the name of Henry Clay. I felt that he deserved a monument. I am here to witness its inauguration. After occurrences have not restrained me from coming. I have but little to do with the politics of the present day—little to do with them except to wish them safely ended. I have fears; I have doubts; I have settled opinions; but they are my own in the privacy of retirement. I may well exclaim, with our talented but unfortunate Edgar A. Poe, without participating in the regrets which the lines express:

"Alas! alas! for me ambition all is o'er;  
No more, no more, no more.  
(Such music hath the sounding sea  
To the sands upon its shore.)  
The river oak shall bloom for me,  
Or stricken eagle soar."

**SLAVERY AND THE M. E. CHURCH.**  
In the New York Methodist Conference the "Erie resolution," which calls upon the general conference, to so change the rule of discipline that all slaveholding shall be cause for excommunication, have been negatived by the decisive vote of 123 to 43.

**SELLING LIQUOR TO DRUNKEN MEN.**  
A CRIMINAL IN MISSISSIPPI.—The Supreme Court of Mississippi has affirmed the validity of the law making it penal for retailers to sell liquor to a drunken man, and declaring that the owner of the establishment is responsible for the act of his barkeeper on this behalf.



**THE ADAMS SENTINEL**  
GETTYSBURG:  
MONDAY, APRIL 30, 1860.  
PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR,  
ANDREW G. CURTIN,  
Of Centre County.

**The election of County Superintendent of Common Schools** will take place on Monday next, the 7th of May. The person chosen will serve three years. The School Directors of the different townships of the County will assemble in Gettysburg on that day for the purpose of electing a Superintendent.

A party of engineers has been engaged for a short time in surveying a Railroad route from Chambersburg to the point of the old "Tape-worm" at the Mountain, to reach Gettysburg. They appear to be satisfied that a road can be made without more than ordinary expense. More will be known hereafter.

The occultation of the brilliant planet Venus by the Moon, came off on Tuesday evening last, according to programme. The sky was clear and beautiful, and the appearance of the affair highly interesting. On Thursday evening the planet Jupiter went through the same performance; but as the gentlemen are always behind the ladies in beauty and excellence, the scene was somewhat inferior in brilliancy to that of Tuesday evening.

The election for Mayor of Philadelphia takes place to-morrow. Mayor LEXY is a candidate for re-election.

Geo. W. WICKERT, Esq., formerly of Gettysburg, has been re-appointed Postmaster of the City of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

A Republican State Convention, to send Delegates to the National Convention at Chicago, was held at Baltimore on Thursday last. It gave rise to great excitement, and those who assembled were in imminent danger of being mobbed—but the police were out in strength and protected them. They were obliged to leave their place of assembly, but after wards met at a private dwelling and there appointed delegates to the Convention at Chicago. One of the delegates was pursued with yells and cries of "lynch him," "tar and feather him," by a infuriated mob. He took refuge in the Marine Bank, when the police intervened and saved him from their violence. This kind of behavior does no good to the cause of Slavery; they may rest assured.

Hon. Wm. C. A. LAWRENCE, late Speaker of the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania, died on the 22d, at Harrisburg.

Attorney General Black intends prosecuting Mr. Schnable on the charge of perjury, growing out of his testimony before the Corvode committee. His most intimate friends say he distinctly admitted the existence of the President's letter as recently published, but denied the existence of one of the character the witness described in the course of conversation, and which Gov. Walker never even pretended to have in his possession. It is further stated that Judge Black, acting by the advice of his friends, has made no reply to Gov. Walker, but, in a note addressed to Walker's friend, Senator Brown, on Saturday, delivered by Secretary Thompson, he denied the existence of any reason why Gov. Walker should request him to go out of the District to receive a hostile message, even if he were not conscientiously opposed to that mode of adjusting differences.

A gentleman who has just passed through Illinois and Iowa says that spring wheat is about six inches high, and looking remarkably well. Farmers there, taught by sad experience of the failure of particular crops, are now adopting the judicious policy of diversifying their products, and especially of turning a part of their attention to cattle and green crops. They therefore expect no more such disastrous seasons as they have experienced; for it appears that farmers who acted upon the above plan, did well, even in the worst years. He says that business is reviving, property, rising again, and everything in the West cheerful and buoyant, especially in Chicago.

A severe and protracted drought prevails throughout the South. The Charleston Mercury says: Flowers and early fruits, strawberries, &c., in this section, are crisp and burned up with an atmosphere varying from eighty to ninety degrees, and no rain—not even a fall of dew—so requisite to their growth. This drought seems to be universal throughout the Southern country. Our exchanges from Louisiana complain of drought. Rain, rain, is the word everywhere. The cotton, the sugar, the corn needs rain. So long a period of dry weather has not been witnessed in early spring before for years in that State.

**COUNTERFEIT GOLD DOLLARS.**—Quite a number of counterfeit gold dollars are in circulation. They can readily be detected by the absence of the word "Liberty," which is on the genuine in small letters on the Indian's head-dress.

**The Charleston Convention.**  
The Democratic U. S. Convention to nominate a candidate for President was in session all of last week, at Charleston, S. C. Our report of proceedings is up to half past 10 o'clock on Friday night. There appears to be a great deal of difficulty in arranging matters. The platform on which the candidate is to be placed appears to be very troublesome in its arrangement. The Northern and Southern Democrats don't appear to agree exactly as to the material to be employed in its construction. Of what it will be manufactured is in "the womb of the future." There has been a very exciting time. The DOUGLASS stock appears to be uppermost. We suppose the Compiler of this morning will give us all the particulars, as the Editor was "on the spot."

**Mail Contracts.**  
Among the late award of mail contracts at Washington are the following:  
Baltimore to Chambersburg, Charles M. Tate, six times a week, \$3,100;  
Frederick to Gettysburg, Joseph Barker, \$600;  
Frederick to Littlestown, John Delaplano, \$272;  
Harrisburg to Gettysburg, Wm. Tate, (three times a week) \$525;  
Gettysburg to Hagerstown, C. M. Tate, \$624;  
Gettysburg to New Chester, N. Weaver, \$124;  
Hanover to Gettysburg, Joseph Durkee, \$150;  
East Berlin to York, Jesse Myers, \$100;  
East Berlin to Dillsburg, G. W. Reed, \$95;  
Littlestown to Emmitsburg, Agnew & Jacobs, \$495;  
York Springs to York, Miles & Ramsey, \$110.

**People's State Central Committee.**  
Gov. POLLOCK, who was President of the late People's State Convention, has announced the following as the People's State Central Committee:

ALEXANDER K. McCLEURE, Franklin county, Chairman; Henry L. Bonner, Joseph Harrison, Charles Neal, H. R. Coggshall, Wm. B. Mann, Charles Thompson Jones, Ernest Poulson, J. M. Pomeroy, Peter Fasel, Philadelphia; Jesse C. Dieck, Chester county; Charles Litner, Montgomery county; Geo. Lear, Bucks county; H. D. Maxwell, Northampton county; Dr. Edward Wallace, Berks county; Robert M. Palmer, Schuylkill county; E. T. Foster, Carbon county; W. H. Jessup, Susquehanna county; James S. Shoum, Luzerne county; G. W. Scofield, Warren county; L. Ullmer, Lycoming county; O. A. Worden, Union county; Dr. Palenau John, Columbia county; Charles McCoy, Mifflin county; Levi Clise, Lebanon county; Samuel Shoum, John J. Cochran, John A. Hiestand, Lancaster county; J. S. Halldane, York county; D. A. Buehler, Adams county; Edward Schull, Somerset county; J. B. McNally, Clearfield county; Joseph Smith, Indiana county; Geo. C. P. Markle, Westmoreland county; John Hall, Washington county; John H. Hampton, Robert Finney, James Park, Jr., Geo. Finley, Allegheny county; John M. Sullivan, Butler county; C. P. Rensdell, Venango county; D. A. Finney, Crawford county; J. P. Lyon, Clarion county.

**Gov. WALKER AND THE PRESIDENT'S CABINET.**—Gov. Walker, in his testimony before the Corvode committee, having intimated that the programme of the Kansas policy was got up by one of the Cabinet, without the knowledge of the President, the Constitution calls upon the author of the charge to name the individual implicated, and says:

If any member of the Cabinet has sought, or has taken steps, to change the line of action of the President in an important matter of State policy, without the advice, knowledge or consent of the President, he has been guilty of an act of infidelity and bad faith which should invoke his severest censure. Indeed, such conduct would be dishonorable and justify in a forfeiture of his confidence.

**ANOTHER EXODUS FROM IRELAND.**—The London Times, of the 2d, has an article devoted to the Irish emigration, from which it appears that the causes which for the last four years have suspended emigration have no longer that effect, but that there is a regular flight of emigrants from the western part of Ireland. Three hundred passengers were embarked at Queenstown, on the Edinburgh, for New York. A large number on the Anglo Saxon, for Portland. Two hundred passed through Sligo for Liverpool, and many more were going by Galway. The great majority of them were from Belmullet, in the county of Mayo. A considerable number also belonged to the county of Sligo. The tide of Emigration (says a local paper) has set in right earnest from the western province.

There have been shocking revelations in regard to the coolie trade from the southern ports of China. The information was derived from 105 men taken from the coolie receiving ships. An inquiry was ordered by the allied commander-in-chief. Two American and one German vessel were implicated. The coolies had been kidnapped and a nominal consent to an eight years' engagement wrung from them by horrible modes of torture.

Counterfeit five dollar bills on the Central Bank of Virginia, at Staunton, are in circulation.

WASHINGTON, April 24.—Maj. David Lynch, of Pittsburg, Pa., died last night at the Infirmary here. He was postmaster of Pittsburg under Gen. Jackson, and has been for years past a very prominent and able supporter of Mr. Buchanan.

TRENTON, N. J., April 23.—The Rev. E. P. Cooley, one of the oldest ministers of the Old School Presbyterian Church, died suddenly yesterday.

**The Birth of Shakespeare.**  
The ladies and gentlemen of the Shakespearean Reading Circle, had a very beautiful and delightful re-union on the evening of Monday last—the anniversary of the birth of the immortal Bard of Avon. The gentlemen of the Circle conceived the happy idea of paying a deserved and very grateful tribute to the ladies, and honoring the occasion with a Birthday Supper, and the result was a very handsome affair indeed. The large Hall of SUREDS & BUEHLER was very profusely and tastefully decorated with arches, festoons and wreaths of ever-green, and appropriately hung with paintings and works of art, conspicuous among which was a splendid portrait of Shakespeare. The table very handsomely arranged was, with the aid and skill of the admirable Caterer GRUELL, very elegantly and bountifully spread with a lavish profusion of every thing which could please the eye and gratify the palate. At 8 o'clock, the company, numbering nearly forty ladies and gentlemen, sat down to the inviting repast—as if nothing that could gratify the sense should be wanting, music both vocal and instrumental contributed to the delights of the occasion.

Dr. E. G. FAHNESTOCK presided. After the delicacies and viands with which the board was so profusely furnished had been fully discussed, the toasts and responses succeeded, and furnished the intellectual and not the least attractive entertainment of the evening. The order was as follows:

1st. Shakespeare.  
D. McCONAUGHY, Esq., responded.  
Song—"Shakespeare."  
2d. The Drama.  
D. WILLS, Esq., responded.  
Instrumental Music.  
3d. The Circle.  
WM. A. DUNCAN, Esq., responded.  
Song—"We, Children and Friends."  
4th. The Heroes of the Winter.  
LEIGH R. BAUGHEN, Esq., responded.  
Song—"To the Ladies."  
5th. The Heroes of the Winter.  
J. CASSATT NEELY, Esq., responded.  
Song—"How Soft, Sweet Avon."  
6th. The day we celebrate.  
T. D. CARSON, Esq., responded.  
Instrumental Music.

**Toast by the Ladies.**  
"The gentlemen of the Shakespearean Circle; may each one in the course of a long life find many who will as willingly, cheerfully, and successfully contribute to their happiness as they have this evening contributed to ours."

To this LEIGH R. BAUGHEN, Esq., being called out, responded very feelingly and felicitously. The responses to the toasts were pervaded by a genuine enthusiasm, an exalted admiration of the immortal Bard, whose Birthday they honored,—and a delicate and manly appreciation of Woman. They were diversified and characterized, and were in turn sparkling and genial, witty and brilliant. They elicited most happy and enthusiastic responses from the company—and a crowning and most interesting incident was the presentation of a very large and elegantly arranged bouquet of natural flowers to the Chairman of the Committee—a significant expression by the ladies to the gentlemen of their appreciation of the tribute paid them.

The vocal music was one of the most delightful features of the entertainment; and as to its excellence it is only necessary to know that the singing was by a Quartet consisting of Messrs. J. A. F. & E. G. FAHNESTOCK, T. D. CARSON and Hon. S. R. RUSSELL—the company joining in the choruses.

During the Supper and in the intervals between the toasts and for the remainder of the evening, the amateur Singing Band, composed of Professors TITTON, LINDEMAN and COBLE, dis-coursed most delightful music. To say that their music was excellent can convey but little idea of the feast of sweet sounds which they contributed to the occasion.

After rising from the table, the company devoted themselves to promenade and usual social enjoyments. To the lover of the picturesque there was presented a very attractive tableau—the very tastefully decorated Hall—the array of female beauty—the glow of pleasure on every face—the happy laugh—the bursts of music—the whole brilliant animated, moving throng, and the associations of the occasion make it a scene long to be remembered—one which for its social, intellectual and beautiful features we feel great pleasure in chronicling in the history of our town.

**SCENT IN THE HOUSE.—PUNNING EXTRAORDINARY.**—While the Pryor-Potter controversy was going on in Washington, a vote of the House was called upon some minor matters. When Mr. Potter's name was called, an old Dutch member from Pennsylvania, who never takes up time unless he has something to say to the point, rose in his place, and exclaimed Mr. Potter thus: "Misther Speaker, I will shurt say ash how Misther Potter hash a Pryor engagement." Both sides of the House and galleries united in an uproarious explosion of mirth at the Hon. member's sally of wit, and it was only checked to be redoubled, when after the name of Mr. Pryor was called, the same old Hans arose and said: "Vel, Misther Speaker, Misther Pryor hash gone to pe ash clay in to hands of te Potter." For some moments the scene in the House was indescribable, and, for once, five pound bowie-knives and shotless rifles were at a discount.

**A MARRYING WOMAN.**—New Orleans boasts of a heartless (because female) Bluebeard. This interesting lady was married on the 8th instant to her eighth husband. She has married every year since 1852; each year one husband dies, but the widow loses no time in filling his place.

**Wreck of a Slave.**  
**HORRIBLE FATE OF THE SLAVES.**—Intelligence has been received that on the 10th of February, as the British steam vessel of war Gloucester, was cruising to the southward of Cape Lopez, west coast of Africa, a slave ship was encountered. The Gloucester was immediately put before the wind to give chase, which manœuvre the slave observing, fled round Cape Lopez, and probably escaping after nightfall, by running into some of the small rivers inside of the Light of Biafra. He proved himself a match, however, for his vessel sailed like a witch, and gained on the steamer nearly the whole day, when at about five o'clock in the afternoon, the Portuguese steamer Tagus hove in sight of the weather bow, thus cutting off the fellow's chance of rounding the Cape.

Seeing his chances thus lost, he stood her directly on the rocks of the Cape. Just before sundown the Portuguese gave him the contents of several thirty-two pounders, which brought his foretopmast down, and as it was blowing almost a gale of wind his jibboom followed directly after. However, the fellow stopped for nothing, and, just as night set in, drove her high on the rocks on Cape Lopez, the Portuguese steamer by that time being in close range, but the Gloucester was far behind. Those on board the other steamer, however, describe the scene as heart-rending. As the brig struck and was overwhelmed by the breakers, the poor miserable creatures on board, probably to the number of five hundred, set up a howl of despair that could be heard even above the roaring of the hungry sea.

But it was too dark by that time to see much, and beyond human skill or power to aid the drowning wretches, so that they soon must have met their doom, for, on the next morning the beach inside of the rocks was strewn with corpses and the fragments of the wreck. Nothing was found, however, to reveal the name of the slave, or any other information concerning her, save that to the practical seaman she proved of Baltimore build. The wretches who manned the vessel are supposed to have escaped in their boat before she struck, and must soon have gained the shore, as a boat some what stove was discovered on the beach, with the oars near by. A good prize was thus lost, and what is worse, probably five hundred human beings were launched into eternity.

**Insurrection in the Two Sicilies.**  
The foreign journals contain contradictory accounts of the outbreak in Sicily—some to the effect that it has been suppressed, and others that it is spreading. A letter from Turin says:

Messina has hoisted the revolutionary flag, and at the latest dates the insurrection there was reported to be unsubsided. The movement has also spread to Caserta. The government has sent reinforcements to Sicily.

According to news from Naples to the 10th, the insurgents, numbering about 10,000 well-armed men, were concentrated in the Sicilian Islands, and had interrupted the canals communicating with Palermo. The troops quartered in that city were attacked every night. The Neapolitan fleet was cruising along the coast. Palermo is in a state of siege.

The Opinions publishes the following telegram, dated April 10. "The insurrection in Sicily appears to be spreading. The dispatch of troops continues. Great agitation prevails at Naples."

**A Gay Lothario.**  
John Tiverson was lately arrested and imprisoned at the South for aggravated polygamy; he had thirteen wives. The daughter of the jailer whose hospitality his insatiable polygamist was enjoying while awaiting trial, beheld him in prison, pined for him, loved him, opened the prison doors, fled with him, became his fourteenth wife. After eight days of domestic bliss the husband disappeared, and left neither trace nor money behind. A reward was offered for his capture; a description of his fascinating person was circulated; he was recognized in a village tavern by a man who thought of the reward offered, and set about preparing his tools for the victim. In order to instill confidence into his breast, he made his acquaintance, invited him to his mansion, and then went off to procure legal assistance. When he returned, his home was deserted alike by his intended prey and his own wife, whom Tiverson had led astray. A wretched man suggests that a proper, though a terribly severe punishment would be to compel this polygamist to live with his fifteen wives at once.

**A STORM BLOWING IN SOUTHERN ITALY.**—A letter from Rome says: A proclamation from Garibaldi is privately going the rounds, exhorting the people of Southern Italy to be ready, and promising speedy supplies of arms and ammunition. The patriots of Rome are organizing and secretly drilling in companies, and have already accumulated a store of arms in the city. If the southern powers give the least pretext for hostilities, though they only so much as stick up a bayonet as an electric conductor, the storm will burst upon them.

**FAMILY AFFAIR.**—The Webster Times puts on record the following domestic event: "The wife of Mr. Thomas Jones, living at the Marine Hotel, on the 14th inst., gave birth to twenty-three and a quarter pounds of humanity, in the shape of three plump girls each, one of which weighed seven and three-quarter pounds. Mother and offspring are doing well. Mrs. Morris has on two previous occasions presented her husband with twins."

It is stated that 20,000 Swedes and Norwegians are preparing to embark in the coming summer for the United States.

There is a young woman living in Alstead, N. H., who weighs over 700 lbs., and it takes about 20 yards of calico for a dress.

**A MARRYING WOMAN.**—New Orleans boasts of a heartless (because female) Bluebeard. This interesting lady was married on the 8th instant to her eighth husband. She has married every year since 1852; each year one husband dies, but the widow loses no time in filling his place.

## AN APRIL STORY.

April is here again, with its fleck and inconstant smiles and tears. The teardrops troubling on every bending bough and kissed by the Sun's bright beams, tell a story of the fair inconstant April. The wild bird enrolling its sweet, gushing song, the balmy air wafting through my window, the fragrance of the violet and hyacinth speak to my heart of an April long ago past, one of which, even while the lamp of life burns ever so dimly, can never be forgotten. Even while the memory bells are chiming, strangely commingled do those of the many marriage bells ring joyfully out, and down deep in my heart is also heard the mournful muffled peals of death and desolation. Ah! memory bells! memory bells! why are your chimings now so mournfully sweet, your notes so plaintive, your wailings so distinct. Ah! a heart's wild dream of love and happiness has been suddenly, rudely dispelled. The wild bursting song, heavy with loves, sweet vows, has been frozen ere it left the lips of the lovely Lulu Gray—and life, no longer sweet succor its idol had perished, was calmly laid aside.

Sweet Lulu Gray! the whispering of thy name leads me back to thy childhood's home; again we bound along its gravelled walks; again we go hand in hand to the old brown school house; again we seek some sequestered nook, and tell our girlish loves; then away from our "Valley Home" we are bosom friends at Mrs. S's boarding school. Sitting upon the dark portion of the Seminary, one lovely evening, with Lulu's head resting upon my shoulder, her long brown curls floating over my neck and shoulder, and enfolding her small figure in a cloud, she sang me a song of home. As the last notes of her rich voice died upon the still, evening air, she turned her dark, earnest, truthful eyes upon me, and told me of her love, her deep, womanly love for the poet and the scholar, Harry Vaughan. She told me of his earnest love, told me his beautiful thoughts, his wild dreamings of future bliss, when she was his bride. The evening before he had for the first time placed the betrothed kiss upon her pure lips and held her to his manly heart as his spirit's bride. Their engagement had been baptized with April showers and smiled upon by its coquetish beams. Their marriage vows were to be made one year from that time. It is not to be wondered that Harry loved the gentle Lulu. Bright as a poet's dream, and wildest imaginings were her youthful features, a mind richly endowed, and carefully cultivated, the scholar bowed, the proud man, whose heart had never bowed at sight of mortal woman, called her "his darling," and blessed her as his bride. The year sped its round, and I find myself sitting at Lulu's feet, in her own room. Dressed in her bridal clothes, the love light beaming in her flashing eye, she waited his coming. I could feel her tightening grasp as she breathed words of sweet confidence and holy trust. I saw the flushing of her beautiful brow and hurried tenderness in her eye, when the distant ringing of horses' hoofs were heard, and "he comes" came in glad tones from her lips—her mother glided in and in tears blessed her child. But a strange noise broke upon the silence below, a shriek of horror—and Lulu broke from our restraining arms and in a moment was kneeling by the side of her dying lover—

"Harry! Harry! awake! speak to Lulu! I have waited so long! Oh God, this is too hard, he does not hear me! Wake, Harry, speak!" Slowly the bright eyes opened, a pale glow spread the countenance. "Lulu" was gasped by the pale lips, and the noble heart had ceased to beat. A low convulsive sob burst from the heart of the desolate maiden, as she pillowed her head upon the inanimate form of her betrothed, and consciousness fled. For weeks she hovered between life and death, then slowly woke to life, but in a few months the Lily of the "Valley Home" slept the long, last sleep. Wild flowers, with their perfume, and wild birds sang over their graves. Many years have sped their round. Still April brings sad memories to my desolate heart.

Foreign intelligence to the 7th inst. is received. The political news is unimportant. Ucciani, the American puglist, was arrested at Derby, early on the morning of Good Friday, and it was supposed that the fight with Sayers would be indefinitely postponed. It is reported that the steamer Great Eastern would be ready to sail on her American trip at the same time with the squadron which is to accompany the Prince of Wales to Canada, in June. It is stated that the inhabitants of Savoy and Nice would vote in a few days, by universal suffrage, on the question of annexation to France. The favorable influence of the treaty of commerce between France and England is already noticed. Sardinia has claimed the political prisoners of the legations. The secretary of the Duke of Casani had been exiled. A dispatch from Florence states that the ambassadors of France and England had taken down their escutcheons, a full concession to annexation. The insurrection at Palermo had been suppressed, after an obstinate combat in the streets and houses, with the Neapolitan troops; but the insurrection at Messina still continues.

**THE DISEASE SPREADING.**—The cattle disease has spread into New Hampshire, and its ravages are reported in Bedford, Manchester, Hudson, Hampshire and Derry. There are rumors that persons employed in attending upon the diseased cattle have been affected to a greater or less degree by the contagion, but this is to be doubted.

The hotel keepers at Charleston are dismayed by the slim attendance at the Convention. Of the forty thousand provided for at a large outlay, not more than two thousand have made their appearance, and a large number of those sit, sleep and imbibe on the steamers.

On Front street, Harrisburg, Pa., on Monday morning last, a family of road tramps was seen in the following position: A husband was lying on the ground drunk; the wife was sitting on the ground, leaning against the side of a tree, with the sun glaring in her face, fast asleep; an infant was crying in her arms, and two children were playing in a puddle of water, by which the group was almost surrounded.







